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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST. SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1532.

Choice Poetry.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

Tears in the glad morning
When roses are opening
And in the forest
The crow, cuckoo and bird
Their theme more blended deeper
Thy foothold know.
Love animated the motion,
Thy voice was more low
Yet heard I each accent,
Each thrice whispered tone
That made me then feel free
My choice—and own.
The blackest was living
His bridle never rein,
While reach the rose blossom
Time sure need I.

Time passed—we were parted
But ere the one came,
To gaze on confidence
My heart answered home.
Though I failed I dared
And waking, my thought
Was ever of thee.
That deep young delight
Of passion's first power
With destiny weary pass—
And still of your mother,
When meet we again?
Thy love, my dear,
In whose every sigh,
And tender tone breathed
Yet were it more near.

Do not—the time remember
Of our parting hour,
When tears are upon me,
That I must be weak
Amid weeping around me
Then meet thee and I?

WILLIAM C. ——.

Original Novelet.

THE RAYMONTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS CAROLINE ANTHON OF WASHINGTON [illegible].

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year [illegible], in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART FIRST.

In a certain township of a certain county of a certain State, there lived a certain farmer, named Raymont, with a certain wife, and a certain family. He was certainly not remarkable in any way, either in the application of his means, or the education of his children. Neither was their grandfather, but the Raymonts in their turn for a long period had been remarkable for a great grandeur. Tradition said that he came out from Europe about the time of the Widow Penn, and that he was a man of fine manners, and possessing quite what were then the best means of any settler in the province. He was also a man of a fine heart and head, for which he paid two handsome legacies, one to the people, for which he always turned out more generously, for he seldom failed to add some money to the original bequest. The mattress of the family unmercifully held on to its feathers a great deal longer than it ought, and it up to a hopeless case; he philosophically insisting that, in the opinion, the difference was not worth the labor of a change. Then there was the younger brother, Dean, who had long "followed the sea," and who, when he came back to the old place, found that his brother had married, and that he, as a matter of course, must look elsewhere for a key that fit a door.

As a genuinely fine man with first settlers, the Raymonts were quite popular in the neighborhood. And when the Revolution came off, all the sons of this same respected and flourishing family, and also the daughters, were willing and ready to do their part in the matter. Which was nothing more nor less than the chief thing required of the honest men of Raymont and Shrewsbury. The first had been organized into a company, and had been commanded by the mother, having more valiant Philadelphia, and more than a play, the tragedy of the Gracchi, her son, who made quite a figure in the battle of Brandywine, as remembered by Cooper, then in his youthful days, and who, by the by, had the social and moderate advantages of genius, were accustomed to be considered as pretty much on the same footing by the unfortunate boys as that of domestic cousin. Perhaps it was the chief cause of the younger son of the Raymonts, who only graduated as a lieutenant, and the elder by the prestige because his mother petted him, and brought him up more delicately. Eventually, when the war was over, and the elder brother in possession, Dean, who had been left at the paternal home in the old house, and who, with Tullius, had also studied law, and afterwards returning to Shrewsbury, married a judge's daughter, became a magistrate, and was considered by the whole population, married a judge's daughter, became a magistrate, and was considered by the whole population, married a judge's daughter, became a magistrate, and was considered by the whole population

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

First and foremost, Mrs. Southworth will be our exclusive contributor (with the exception of an occasional story in a Washington paper). Mrs. Southworth is, in our opinion, decidedly the greatest female novelist of America; and, in many respects, she is superior to any other novelist in the country, of either sex. Her new story, to commence about the first of January next, will be entitled,

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;

OR,

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A WINTER EVENING'S TALE.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have two now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur.

THE TEXAN HUNTRESS, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

And as a guarantee for the Future, we point our readers, and the public at large, to our management of the Post in the Past. We know that we have never hesitated at any reasonable expenditure, to make the Post what it now is, the leading weekly of the country. And we are determined that our readers shall have the best original and selected matter that money and tact and industry can procure.

Shall we not have the *active* support of our numerous friends, in all sections of the county, as of old? We hope to double the number of our subscribers in a great many places, this coming season. A little activity on the part of our friends will do it, and incite us to renewed exertions on their behalf.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Our attention has been called to an article in "Scott's Weekly Paper" of last Saturday, in which the charge is made that unfair means have been resorted to by us, to injure the prospects of that paper.

It is sufficient for us to say, that the false and libellous nature of those charges, is only equalled by the weakness of the reasoning with which it is attempted to support them.

The proprietors of the Post never resort to unfair and deceptive means to promote the circulation of their paper. And as to their conduct towards their contemporaries, their motto is that of President Jackson towards France: "WE ASK NOTHING BUT WHAT IS RIGHT, AND WILL SUBMIT TO NOTHING THAT IS WRONG."

OREGON LETTERS.

We regret to inform our readers that we recently received a letter from Professor Mason, late of Bethany College, who had expected to visit Oregon, and furnish us with a series of letters descriptive of that new territory, saying that he had been compelled to abandon his design. He says: "Sickness prevented my going beyond the Isthmus—my health is still bad, and my plans for the present frustrated."

As we had anticipated a very useful as well as interesting series of letters from Professor Mason, it is with much regret that we are necessitated to make this announcement.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The last news from Europe is of a highly important character. A skirmish had taken place between the Prussian and Austrian troops, in which the former had drawn the first blood. The Prussians occupied the village of Bronzell, upon which the Austrians advanced with their swords sheathed, but were at once fired upon, and several of their number wounded. The shots were returned, and the Prussians finally evacuated the place, carrying off their wounded with them. France, England and Russia—the first two alarmed at the prospect of a general war—have offered their mediations. But, though it seems madness for either party to go to war, appearances are certainly against the probability of a long continuance of peace. The next steamship will probably bring information which will enable us to form more definite conclusions.

France has instructed her ministers at the Courts of Austria and Prussia, to announce that, although France wishes to observe the strictest neutrality in the disputes of other nations, she could not but regard a war between those two nations as a European affair, and the ambassadors are desired to remonstrate, with all the weight of their official position, against the right of either country to open the way to convulsions in Europe for interests which are either personal, or too slight not to make it incumbent on them to offer mutual concessions. In the meantime, a French army of observation, consisting of 50,000 troops, is to be organized on the North Eastern Frontier.

Louis Napoleon has pleased all parties in France by his Message. He avows his determination to stand by the revolution in its integrity, by the laws and Constitution of the Republic. If the Legislative power decides to revise the Constitution, it is well; if it does not, his duty is to be governed by the laws as they are. The tone of this Message, and its welcome reception by the people, would seem to denote that just ideas of what true Republicanism requires, are spreading in France.

The English appear to be a little ashamed of the great amount of indignation they have wasted on the recent measures of the Pope. They have found out that there are only half a million Roman Catholics in England, and but 8,000,000 in all Ireland, Canada and Australia. Cardinal Wiseman, who has arrived in England, is also said to have declared that the whole scheme was submitted to be approved by the British Cabinet some time ago. We think that ultimately our English friends will see that they have attached too much importance to a measure not calculated particularly to help Roman Catholicism, or to harm Protestantism. The excitement, however, still continues to be very great.

DWIGHT'S LECTURE.

We were not present at Mr. Dwight's lecture on Music, before the Mercantile Library Company, but we understand that half the audience were half-asleep, and the other half laughing at those who had hard work to keep their eyes open. As the previous lectures had been rather exciting, perhaps Mr. Dwight thought the company needed a composing strain. If he did, he certainly attained his object.

By the way, we would remind lecturers in general, of a sensible remark of the author of Lacon: "If you cannot put fire into your compositions, you had better put your compositions into the fire."

A FABLE.

Not so many centuries ago as one might suppose, there was great rivalry among the beasts as to which was the most worthy of admiration. The horse, the elephant, and the lion, being the main competitors for public favor.

There was a great meeting held yearly of all the animals, at which these rival claims were decided; the animal which could get the most votes, being entitled to the chief place in the grand processions of the beasts—the others taking rank in proportion to the number of their adherents.

Now there was a donkey, which being ambitious, as donkeys often are, began to argue to himself the possibility of also becoming a candidate for public favor. "My form," said he to himself, "is certainly very graceful, my ears are not deficient in size, and as for my voice, certainly nothing could be more melodious than my bray. Only in size," thought he, "am I inferior—my shape, my ears, my bray, all are perfect—oh, that I were only as large as the horse, or the elephant; then would I carry all before me, in the great assembly of the beasts."

In this conjuncture, the donkey bethought himself of an old fox, who was reputed to possess great wisdom, or, rather, cunning. He accordingly sought out the fox, and communicated to him the subject of his anxious meditations. The old fox heard him in silence, and then, with his paw to his nose, thus addressed him:

"I agree with you fully, my amiable and sagacious friend, that your small size is the only obstacle in your way to becoming an object of great admiration among the beasts. Your shape is not inelegant, your ears are admirably calculated for hearing (or else size is no test), and your voice goes to the heart of every one like the peal of a trumpet. As to the defect you have mentioned, I think that can be remedied. There is a particular fountain in the woods that I can take you to, which will swell up any beast that drinks of it, to the size of an elephant, for the space of a whole week."

The donkey clapped his great hoofs together with delight. "Then all I have to do," said he, "is to drink of that fountain every week, and I shall always be as large as the elephant."

"Stop, stop, my good friend," said the fox, "if you were to keep yourself swelled up in that manner all the time, the probability would be that you would soon burst, and leave behind you a very bad odour. *In fact, it is dangerous to do it even once, but, knowing your great anxiety to appear large, I thought I would suggest it.*"

"Well, even once will be sufficient," said the donkey; "I can swell myself up once, and get the votes of the beasts, and then I shall occupy a foremost place for the whole year."

"But," replied the fox, "are you not afraid that all the beasts will fall upon you, when you again appear in your original dimensions, and call you by names which it is unpleasant for even a donkey to hear?"

"Not in the least," said the donkey—"let them laugh that win—I shall no longer drag along at the tail of the public processions of the beasts—and, next year, you shall tell me some other way to circumvent them."

"Be it so," said the fox, "I perceive you are a very courageous animal—and a very silly one, too," added he, when the donkey got out of hearing.

The donkey accordingly carried his plan into execution—he drank of the black fountain, and swelled up to the size of the elephant as the fox had predicted. He also experienced very great pains, which the cunning fox had said nothing about. But the donkey hid himself in a secluded place, until the swelling operation was completed, when he felt very large, and comparatively easy.

There was great wonder, as may be supposed, when the ass, swelled up as large as an elephant, came awkwardly stalking into the assembly of the beasts. At first there was no emotion apparent but astonishment; but, before many minutes, the donkey raised his voice, and announced himself as one of the candidates for the election—and then the astonishment subsided into a universal titter.

At last an old lion, who had seen many things in his time, deliberately mounted the platform which he usually occupied when addressing the beasts, and spoke as follows:

"My friends, our brother, the donkey, is certainly an object of interest, if not of admiration. He appears to have grown very much in a very short period. Now, this growth may either be a genuine one, or it may result from his having imprudently drunk of the black fountain of Humbug, which many of us have seen in the forest. My recommendation to you, therefore, is, that you postpone the usual election until a few weeks have elapsed, when we can better judge whether the donkey's present enlarged state is a permanent and healthy one, or the result of a dropsical condition."

This sage advice of the old lion was received by the assembled beasts with a shout of applause.

SEQUEL.

When the grand assembly of the beasts again came together, the donkey had shrunk into his usual size—in truth, he seemed even a little leaner than usual; and great was the roar of the assembly as he came sneaking into their midst. Even the old lion could not help laughing.

The donkey, however, was not apparently the least abashed—covering his confusion with a great show of indignation.

"You," brayed he at the old lion, "are the sole cause of my appearing in this shrivelled condition. If it had not been for your advice to the beasts, I should always have remained as large as the elephant. But you were envious of me. You did not want to see me chosen leader among the animals. You prevented my election, and therefore I am reduced to my original size. But I will be revenged, I will appeal to the legal tribunals of the beasts for redress."

"My long-eared friend," replied the old lion, while the other beasts stood around laughing, "in return for your idle threats, I will give you a little piece of advice. You are a very useful animal in your place, which I consider to be among your long-eared brethren. Even if you could make yourself without injury as large as the elephant, you still would not be an elephant, but only a very great—donkey. Therefore avoid, in future, the black waters of Humbug, the drinking of which will only cause you to be laughed at, instead of admired."

Whether the donkey profited by this judicious advice, we are unable to say.

JENNY LIND.

The second visit of Jenny Lind to Philadelphia, has been, we think, a more satisfactory one to all parties than the first. While there is not so much wild enthusiasm manifested, there is more of that deep and serious admiration which a woman like Jenny Lind must delight to inspire, and which it is equally pleasant on the part of generous natures to bestow.

And now that we have heard the sweet singer of Sweden again and again, we consider her claims to preeminence, both as a woman and a singer, to be undeniable. There is no question as to the unequalled power and compass of her voice, and her marvellous command of it. She seems half the time above the necessity of taking breath, and, indeed, above most other human limitations—

"Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity."

The Bird Song, everywhere so rapturously received, has not been overpraised. The bright freedom of her spirit enters into it gladly and completely, and her utterance of the bird's reply is enchantingly natural. But the greatest charm of all, we say it deliberately, is in the expression of her face, in her happy smile, breaking forth with a sudden magic light, and raining down sweetness. However great her triumphs, the woman always takes precedence of the artist. We can see, by the lofty light of her brow, that no success, though it won the whole world's plaudits, could satisfy her soul, or give rest for more than a moment to the divine aspirations of a genius that is true to its mission.

The old and favorite song of "Home, Sweet Home," was sung at several of the Concerts. This, as well as the "Bird Song," was sung in English. Jenny's pronunciation is very good—having but sufficient of a foreign accent, to give it an additional charm. "Home, Sweet Home," was sung rather differently from the usual mode, with a gushing cheerfulness instead of a pensive sadness. The ornaments were few and of a simple and appropriate character; but the full, rich volume of her voice, the buoyant happiness which leaped and danced on its harmonious waves, and the radiant smile of the singer, fairly transported the audience, and a repetition was always tumultuously called for.

The usual variety of selections from the Italian opera were sung, but they evidently did not give half as much pleasure, either to Jenny or her hearers, as the more simple and English songs.

The orchestral music of these concerts has been admirably executed. Signor Belletti, too, has maintained his high reputation—the Tarantella Napoletana, a composition expressing to the life the mad spirit of frolic possessing a troop of dancers, was sung one evening with great effect.

Altogether, this second series of Jenny Lind Concerts, have been the finest, by a great degree, of any we ever attended.

FAIR MISSION CHURCH OF THE CONVOCATION.—A sale of useful and fancy articles, intended to aid the completion of this church edifice, will commence in the Upper Saloon of the Chinese Museum, on *Tuesday*, Dec. 3rd, at 3, P. M., and will continue at 10, A. M., on the three succeeding days.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We lay the President's Message, entire, before our readers this week—a portion of it is in rather smaller type than we could have wished, but it will give our readers a sample of the eye-destroying stuff which some papers use almost altogether. We will give a short abstract of the Message, for the benefit of hasty readers:

The President holds that, while we may sympathise with other nations, it is our duty to "mind our own business." He does not use this classic phrase, however; probably because it did not occur to him. This part of the Message has a decided reference to Cuba. He says:

> We should act towards other nations as we wish them to act towards us; and justice and conscience should form the rule of conduct between Governments, instead of mere power, self-interest, or the desire of aggrandizement.

Very good doctrine that, in our opinion.

The President says that the Constitution, as expounded by the Judiciary, will be his guide.

He gives Congress a hint that he is no anti-veto man.

He considers it an especial duty to avoid encroaching upon the domestic affairs of the individual States.

He says he shall shrink from no responsibility in executing the laws.

He says that mistakes will necessarily occur in making appointments to office—but that he will turn out one of his own appointments for misbehaviour, as soon as any one else. (A vermilion edict! as the Chinese say.)

All peace and sunshine in our foreign relations—we disposed to hurt nobody, and everybody afraid to touch us.

The difficulty with Portugal is all arranged. Mr. Clay's conduct is endorsed.

There is some hope that Peru can be induced to lower her export duty on Guano.

Friendly interference with affairs in St. Domingo promised, in conjunction with other Governments.

Total receipts into Treasury, forty-seven millions—expenditures forty-three millions—public debt reduced about half-a-million.

A revision of the Tariff is advised. Not a "high," but a uniform, permanent Tariff recommended. Tremendous cheating under present system of *ad valorem* duties. Specific duties advised.

A Mint in California is recommended—assayed and stamped gold bullion recommended to be received for Government dues.

An Agricultural Bureau is proposed—to have attached to it a competent Chemist and Mineralogist.

Recommends selling, instead of leasing, the gold lands of California.

A revision of the code of Naval Laws is advised—a "humane and effectual" system of discipline recommended.

A further reduction of postage is proposed. Inland letter postage to three cents the single letter when prepaid, and five cents when not prepaid. He also recommends that the prepaid rate shall be reduced to two cents whenever the revenues of the Department, after the reduction, shall exceed its expenditures by more than five per cent. for two consecutive years; that the postage upon California and other letters sent by our ocean steamers shall be much reduced; and that the rates of postage on newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and other printed matter shall be modified, and some reduction thereon made.

Internal improvements are justified as Constitutional. Fresh water considered as appropriate a subject of legislation as salt water. Dead Sea not touched upon.

A Commission to hear and settle all private claims against the United States, recommended—a Solicitor being appointed to represent and protect the Government.

The District of Columbia is recommended to the protection of Congress. An abundant supply of pure water much needed. Nothing said about the propriety of allowing a stream to flow daily through both halls of Congress.

The President approves the measures passed at the last session of Congress, relative to the Slavery question, and regards them as a "final settlement." He says: "They were adopted in a spirit of conciliation, and for the purpose of conciliation. I believe that a great majority of our fellow-citizens sympathise in that spirit, and that purpose, and in the main approve, and are prepared, in all respects, to sustain these enactments."

The President closes his message, by invoking Congress to join him in humble and devout thanks to the Great Ruler of nations, for the multiplied blessings which he has graciously bestowed upon us. His hand, so often visible in our preservation, has stayed the pestilence, saved us from foreign wars and domestic disturbances, and scattered plenty throughout the land.

A NEW SPIRIT.

It is encouraging to see the spirit now manifested by the merchants of Philadelphia relative to both our domestic and foreign commerce. Some years ago, we were almost ashamed to call ourself a Philadelphian—Boston and New York seemed to be going ahead of us with such rapid strides. But a change has come over the spirit of our dream—or, rather, Philadelphia is no longer dreaming at all, but wide awake, and resolved to take that position to which by the laws of nature she is entitled. The Central Railroad has no sooner been got cleverly under way, than a line of Steamships for Liverpool is talked of, and talk, now-a-days, rapidly ripens into action. Of the establishment of such a line, we apprehend there is not now the slightest doubt. Moreover, the whole capital stock required by the Union Steam Company, to complete two steamers of about 300 tons each, to run as a regular packet line between Philadelphia, Richmond, Norfolk and Petersburg, has been taken.

Success and honor to you in your new career, merchants and capitalists of Philadelphia. No longer idly calling upon Jupiter to help you out of your difficulties, you have put your own energetic shoulders to the wheel. After a generation of sleepers, has come another generation such as made the renown of Philadelphia in the olden time. Men not afraid to make large ventures,—not of a speculative, but of a strictly business character—when a sagacious boldness has pointed out the way. Men who abhor mere baseless speculations—such as Morus Multicaulis and Copper Stock humbugs—but hesitate not to embark largely in all honest enterprises, knowing that he who will not sow shall not reap, and that he who is too cautious to venture, is also too timid to gain.

JENNY LIND AND CALIFORNIA.

Barnum has received proposals from San Francisco, to take Jenny Lind to the land of gold. A merchant of that place is willing to guarantee ten concerts of 1,000 persons each, the tickets to be $50 apiece—making, in all, the handsome sum of $500,000. Barnum, however, will not embrace the tempting offer. He replies:

"If you could transmute your whole city into one solid diamond, and lay it at my feet as compensation, I would not risk the health and comfort of the Nightingale, by undertaking the tedious and perilous journey."

Several persons, it is said, have come all the way from California to hear the sweet singer of the North. Barnum is right, however, in not taking Jenny to San Francisco—it would be putting health, and even life itself, at risk. Besides, the expenses of the voyage of herself and suite, and the expenses in California would make a great hole in the $500,000. As for the Californians, if they would raise $1,000,000 as a nest-egg for the great Pacific Railroad, it would show infinitely more sense than offering to raise half that sum to hear the greatest singer on the earth. That railroad once built, they could have all the European "stars" as they come over.

AMUSEMENTS.

Jenny Lind has certainly given amusements in general a great lift. Her prices are so high, that anything under a dollar, seems hardly worth minding. Oh, Jenny, it were better for some poor husbands and fathers, that you had been a *spinning* instead of a *singing* Jenny. Let us glance at a few of the exhibitions, &c., now open in this goodly city.

Blitz is still working wonders to crowded houses at the lecture-room of the Museum. His ventriloquism, especially, is highly amusing.

Gliddon's Panorama of the Nile is still at the Chinese Museum. It is very instructive, as well as interesting.

Then we have occasional concerts, very frequently. Mr. Wilson gives one this week, on Friday evening, at the Assembly Buildings—his songs are of a similar class to those sung by Dempster.

Add to these and others, the regular amusements—theatres, circus, &c.—and another spell of "hard times" may be reasonably apprehended.

AMERICAN WORLD'S FAIR.

We are pleased to learn that arrangements are now making for an American World's Fair, to be held in the Spring of 1852, one year later than that of London. Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York, has been selected as a proper locality for the Fair. As America is, perhaps, the greatest customer of England, France and Germany, we may expect a fine display of articles from those countries. We see no reason, in fact, why the American Fair should not overtop the London one. It is believed that Congress will make an appropriation to defray all the necessary expenses of such an exhibition.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.
OPENING OF THE SESSION.

SENATE.

At twelve o'clock, on the 2nd inst., the Senate met, forty-two members being present, and a large attendance in the galleries.

After the calling of the roll, and some other preliminary business, a message was received from the House of Representatives, informing the Senate that they had organized, and were ready to proceed to business.

A joint Committee from both Houses was then appointed to wait upon President Fillmore, and inform him of their organization.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House met at twelve o'clock, Mr. Speaker Cobb in the Chair. The roll was then called by the Clerk, and a large number of members answered to their names.

A Committee was appointed to wait on the President, in conjunction with a similar Committee from the Senate, to inform him of their organization.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate,
and of the House of Representatives:

Being suddenly called, in the midst of the last session of Congress, by a painful dispensation of Divine Providence, to the responsible station which I now hold, I contented myself with such communications to the Legislature as the exigency of the moment seemed to require. The country was shrouded in mourning for the loss of its venerated Chief Magistrate, and all hearts were penetrated with grief. Neither the time nor the occasion appeared to require or to justify, on my part, any general expression of political opinions, or any announcement of the principles which would govern me in the discharge of the duties to the performance of which I had been so unexpectedly called. I trust, therefore, that it may not be deemed inappropriate, if I avail myself of this opportunity of the re-assembling of Congress to make known my sentiments, in a general manner, in regard to the policy which ought to be pursued by the Government [illegible]

[illegible]

... have made progress in their preliminary arrangements. The treaty between the United States and Great Britain, of the 19th of April last, above referred to, being now in operation, it is to be hoped that the guarantee which it offers will be sufficient to secure the completion of the work with all practicable expedition. It is obvious that this result would be indefinitely postponed, if any other than peaceful measures, for the purpose of harmonizing conflicting claims to territory in that quarter, should be adopted. It will consequently be my endeavor to cause any further negotiations on the part of this Government, which may be requisite for this purpose, to be so conducted as to bring them to a speedy and successful close.

Some unavoidable delay has occurred, arising from distance and the difficulty of intercourse between this Government and that of Nicaragua, but, as intelligence has just been received of the appointment of an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of that Government to reside at Washington, whose arrival may soon be expected, it is hoped that no further impediments will be experienced in the prompt transaction of business between the two Governments.

Citizens of the United States have undertaken the connection of the two oceans by means of a railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, under grants of the Mexican Government to a citizen of that Republic. It is understood that a thorough survey of the course of the communication is in preparation, and there is every reason to expect that it will be prosecuted with characteristic energy, especially when that Government shall have consented to such stipulations with the Government of the United States as may be necessary to impart a feeling of security to those who embark their property in the enterprise. Negotiations are pending for the accomplishment of that object, and a hope is confidently entertained, that when the Government of Mexico shall become duly sensible of the advantages which that country cannot fail to derive from the work, and learn that the Government of the United States desires that the right of sovereignty of Mexico in the Isthmus shall remain unimpaired, the stipulations referred to will be agreed to with alacrity.

By the last advices from Mexico it would appear, however, that that Government entertains strong objections to some of the stipulations which the parties concerned in the project of the railroad deem necessary for their protection and security. Further consideration, it is to be hoped, or some modification of terms, may yet reconcile the differences existing between the two Governments in this respect.

Fresh instructions have recently been given to the Minister of the United States in Mexico, who is prosecuting the subject with promptitude and ability.

Although the negotiations with Portugal, for the payment of claims of citizens of the United States against that Government, have not yet resulted in a formal treaty, yet a proposition made by the Government of Portugal, for the final adjustment and payment of those claims has recently been accepted on the part of the United States. It gives me pleasure to say that Mr. Clay, to whom the negotiation on the part of the United States had been entrusted, discharged the duties of his appointment with ability and discretion, acting always within the instructions of his Government.

It is expected that a regular convention will be immediately negotiated for carrying the agreement between the two Governments into effect.

The commissioner appointed under the act of Congress for carrying into effect the convention with Brazil, of the 27th of January, 1849, has entered upon the performance of the duties imposed upon him by that act. It is hoped that those duties may be completed within the time which it prescribes. The documents, however, which the Imperial Government, by the third article of the convention, stipulates to furnish to the Government of the United States, have not yet been received. As it is presumed that those documents will be essential for the correct disposition of the claims, it may become necessary for Congress to extend the period limited for the duration of the commission. The sum stipulated by the 4th article of the convention to be paid to this Government has been received.

The collection in the ports of the United States of discriminating duties upon the vessels of Chili and their cargoes has been suspended, pursuant to the provisions of the act of Congress of the 24th of [illegible]

[illegible]

... cultural. It is, therefore, the most important interest of the nation, and has a just claim to the fostering care and protection of the Government, so far as they can be extended consistently with the provisions of the Constitution. As this cannot be done by the ordinary modes of legislation, I respectfully recommend the establishment of an Agricultural Bureau, to be charged with the duty of giving to this leading branch of American industry the encouragement which it so well deserves.

In view of the immense mineral resources of our country, provision should also be made for the employment of a competent mineralogist and chemist, who should be required, under the direction of the head of the bureau, to collect specimens of the various minerals of our country, and to ascertain, by careful analysis, their respective elements and properties, and their adaptation to useful purposes. He should also be required to examine and report upon the qualities of different soils, and the manures best calculated to improve their productiveness. By publishing the results of such experiments, with suitable explanations, and by the collection and distribution of rare seeds and plants, with instructions as to the best system of cultivation, much may be done to promote this great national interest.

In compliance with the act of Congress, passed on the 23d of May, 1850, providing, among other things, for taking the seventh census, a superintendent was appointed, and all other measures adopted which were deemed necessary to ensure the prompt and faithful performance of that duty. The appropriation already made will, it is believed, be sufficient to defray the whole expense of the work; but further legislation may be necessary in regard to the compensation of some of the marshals of the Territories. It will also be proper to make provision by law, at an early day, for the publication of such abstracts of the returns as the public interests may require.

The unprecedented growth of our Territories on the Pacific in wealth and population, and the consequent increase of their social and commercial relations with the Atlantic States, seem to render it the duty of the Government to use all its constitutional power to improve the means of intercourse with them. The importance of opening "a line of communication, the best and most expeditious of which the nature of the country will admit," between the valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific, was brought to your notice by my predecessor, in his annual message; and as the reasons which he presented in favor of the measure still exist in full force, I beg leave to call your attention to them, and to repeat the recommendations then made by him.

The uncertainty which exists in regard to the validity of land titles in California is a subject which demands your early consideration. Large bodies of land in that State are claimed under grants said to have been made by authority of the Spanish and Mexican Governments. Many of these have not been perfected, others have been revoked, and some are believed to be fraudulent. But until they shall have been judicially investigated, they will continue to retard the settlement and improvement of the country. I, therefore, respectfully recommend that provision be made by law, for the appointment of commissioners to examine all such claims with a view to their final adjustment.

I also beg leave to call your attention to the propriety of extending, at an early day, our system of land laws, with such modifications as may be necessary over the State of California and the territories of Utah and New Mexico. The mineral lands of California will, of course, form an exception to any general system which may be adopted. Various methods of disposing of them have been suggested. I was at first inclined to favor the system of leasing, as it seemed to promise the largest revenue to the Government, and to afford the best security against monopolies; but further reflection, and our experience in leasing the lead mines and selling lands upon credit, have brought my mind to the conclusion that there would be great difficulty in collecting the rents, and that the relation of debtor and creditor, between the citizens and the Government, would be attended with many mischievous consequences. I therefore recommend that, instead of retaining the mineral lands under the permanent control of the Government, they be divided into small parcels and sold, under such restrictions, as to quantity and [illegible]

[illegible]

By that adjustment we have been rescued from the wide and boundless agitation that surrounded us, and have a firm, distinct, and legal ground to rest upon. And the occasion, I trust, will justify me in exhorting my countrymen to rally upon and maintain that ground as the best, if not the only means, of restoring peace and quiet to the country, and maintaining inviolate the integrity of the Union.

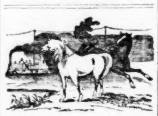
And now, fellow citizens, I cannot bring this communication to a close without invoking you to join me in humble and devout thanks to the Great Ruler of nations, for the multiplied blessings which he has graciously bestowed upon us. His hand, so often visible in our preservation, has stayed the pestilence, saved us from foreign wars and domestic disturbances, and scattered plenty throughout the land.

Our liberties, religious and civil, have been maintained, the fountains of knowledge have all been kept open, and means of happiness widely spread and generally enjoyed, greater than have fallen to the lot of any other nation. And, while deeply penetrated with gratitude for the past, let us hope that his all-wise Providence will so guide our counsels, as that they shall result in giving satisfaction to our constituents, securing the peace of the country, and adding new strength to the united Government under which we live.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

WASHINGTON, December 2d, 1850.

General News.



POLITICAL NEWS.

GEORGIA.—The election on Monday week, in Georgia, for Delegates to the State Convention, resulted in the election of 142 Union men, and 20 Disunionists.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The elections held to fill vacancies in the Legislature, have resulted in the success of the Democratic and Free Soil coalitionists, who have thus far carried 24 members, and the Whigs 3. The *Traveller* says this makes the result, so far, giving a number of disputed members to the Whigs, 210 Coalitionists and 172 Whigs, or 38 Coalition majority.

MISSISSIPPI.—The warrant for the arrest of Gov. Quitman, for being implicated in the Cuban invasion, had been received at Jackson, Miss., from New Orleans. It is said that the object of the Governor's calling an extra session of the Legislature, was to prevent him from being arrested.

GEN. CHAPLIN.—The Rockville (Md.) Journal, says, that Gen. Chaplin is still in jail at that place, the nineteen thousand dollars bail not having yet been entered into.

TEXAS.—Late advices from Texas says:—The vote on the Pearce Bill is in favor of its acceptance by at least two or three to one throughout the State; but not by so large a majority as we supposed.

CALIFORNIA.—James M. Crane, Esq., senior editor of the California Courier, is spoken of as United States Senator, in place of Col. Fremont. Mr. Crane is a Whig. It is conceded now that the Legislature lately chosen is Whig in both branches.

THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.—By advices received at New Orleans, it is ascertained that [illegible]

[illegible]

TERRIFIC TORNADO.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 30.

[illegible]

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SOUTH CAROLINA.—Governor Seabrook, in his recent Message to the Legislature, goes "the entire swine" for secession. He assumes the right of secession as unquestionable. He says:

The time, then, has arrived to resume the exercise of the powers of self-protection, which, in the hour of unsuspecting confidence, we surrendered to foreign hands. We must re-organize our political system on some surer and safer basis. The event is indissolubly linked with its cause, and fixed as destiny.

The Governor also says that he has purchased a large number of muskets and rifles, and caused several thousand musket accoutrements to be manufactured at Columbia; and the State being [illegible]

[illegible]

☞ Americans have just obtained permission to build a Protestant Church in Rome—the first ever permitted in the Papal City. Their architects are now at work—and in a short time the edifice will rear its head in the neighborhood of the ancient tomb of Augustus, and in the very Via de Pontifici!

ALMANAC.

Dec., 1850.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
7 Saturday,	7 22	4 38	5 7	
8 Sunday,	7 22	4 38	5 54	D. H. M.
9 Monday,	7 23	4 37	6 39	
10 Tuesday,	7 23	4 37	7 22	
11 Wed'sday,	7 23	4 37	8 5	Last 3 12 15
12 Thursday,	7 24	4 36	9 49	New 11 3 36
13 Friday,	7 24	4 36	9 31	First 19 12 1
14 Saturday,	7 24	4 36	10 15	Full 25 4 22

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov 24,	38	45	47
25,	39	44	46
26,	43	46	50
27,	50	55	63
28,	58	65	69
29,	62	65	65
30,	50	51	51

Marriages.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 28th, by the Rev. Mr. Dunbar, Mr. GEORGE KENSINGER, to Miss ANN THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOHN W. PERKINS, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELLEN VANSKUNT, of Beverly, N. J.

On the 27th ult. by John C. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. PARKER G. PIERCE, to Miss AMANDA CLINTON, all of Kensington.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM H. FIELD, to Miss SUSAN HOWELL.

On the 28th ult. in St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, PHILIP HAPPA, Esq. of Pottsville, Schuylkill county, to SARAH, daughter of the late Benj. Rowland, of Cheltenham, Montgomery county.

At Ashland Farm, on fifth-day, by Friends' Ceremony, JOHN WOOD, Jr. of Moreland, Montgomery county, to SIDNEY, daughter of Nathan T. Knight, of Lower Dublin, Philadelphia county, Pa.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. S. B. Wylie, D. D., WILLIAM K. HEMPHILL, to SARAH JANE, daughter of Clement McCune, Esq.

On the 2d ult. by Friends' Ceremony, JOSHUA W. WOOLSTON, to ELIZA W. daughter of the late Dr. Edwin P. Atlee, all of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Benj. F. Templeton, Mr. JOHN B. TILTON, to Miss SARAH M. BLACK, all of this city, and has emigrated to the West.

On the 8th of August, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. A. MCQUILLEN to Miss S. COULTER, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. N. Cantwell, Mr. GEORGE D. COLLINGS, of Swandale Beach, Del. to Miss HANNAH ASHBRIDGE, daughter of Wm. Wilcock, of Philadelphia.

On the 10th of Sept. last, by the Rev. Jas. Power, GEORGE L. DOUGHERTY, Esq. to Miss ELLEN O'DONNELL, all of this city.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

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"Where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

In regard to young writers—it is our pride to take hold of those who really possess genius and talent of a marked order, and who belong to that range of nobility of mind, which is not afraid that toil will soil its fingers. LOWELL, T. B. READ, BAYARD TAYLOR, the glorious Chester county farmer boy, and a host of the brilliant stars among young and rising literary men of the age, FIRST made their appearance in "Graham" and were *paid* for their very first articles, and for *every article since the first.*

Now we have no sympathy for decayed gentility which writes under all sorts of fancy names, lest "the mob," may imagine it has to work for its bread. We shall have none of it! Dilapidated aristocratic notions and petulant and puling sentimentalism, wither, "fade, grow dim and die," IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF VIGOROUS AMERICAN THOUGHT.

THE JANUARY NUMBER CONTAINS
ORIGINAL ARTICLES FROM

WM. CULLEN BRYANT,	AUTHOR OF "RURAL HOURS,"
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,	GRACE GREENWOOD,
G. P. R. JAMES,	MISS L. VIRGINIA SMITH,
J. S. DWIGHT,	ALICE CAREY,
N. P. WILLIS,	MISS ENNA DUVAL,
GEO. P. MORRIS,	MRS. E. J. EAMES,
GEORGE D. PRENTICE,	MARY SPENSER PEASE,
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,	R. H. STODDARD,
J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	D. H. BARLOW,
E. P. WHIPPLE,	C. J. EASTMAN,
ALFRED B. STREET,	T. WYATT, A. M.
J. M. LEGARE,	WM. P. BRANNAN,
T. BUCHANAN READ,	J. HUNT, JR.,
RICHARD PENN SMITH,	N. L. RUTTER.

JAMES'S NOVEL.

We have gone a little out of our track, this month, and paid *an English author*, G. P. R. James, $300 for his story, for we do not see that we have and more right to appropriate a man's brain-work, than to put on his coat and hat, and march off as if the broad-cloth and felt were our own property. We have paid *all of the contributors to this number their own price*, and that right willingly—now the simple but pregnant questions which we put to the American press and American people, are;—"Shall we have an American Literature?" Is it as profitable to *sponsor* as to *buy?*

We think that we—one of the hewers of wood and drawers of water, in the field of labor occupied by American magazines, have a right to ask these questions—and we ask them. Brothers of the hardy West, the sunny South and toiling East—*what say* YOU?

SPLENDID ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS.

THE SOURCE OF PROSPERITY—A magnificent line engraving by W. E. Tucker, from an original drawing by John Gilbert, of London.

UNION PARK, N. Y., most splendidly executed landscape engraving by Smillie, of Union Park, with a view of Spingler Institute. Unequalled in artistic beauty by any engraving in any other magazine of the month.

EVENING IN PERSIA—From an original drawing by Devereux, done in oil colors. A new and costly style of illustration.

PARIS FASHIONS—One of David's beautiful and spirited designs, colored by the artists of Moniteur de la Mode, in advance for "Graham."

THE ALAMO—Drawn by Captain Eastman, engraved by Brightly.
CHAPEL OF ST. JOSE—Drawn by Capt. Eastman, engraved by Brightly.
CANVASS-BACK SHOOTING—Designed by Herbert, engraved by Brightly.
MUSIC—'T IS GLORY THAT LEADS THE SOLDIER ON! Words by N. Levering Ritter. Music by George Felix Benkert.

The embellishments are of the *very highest* efforts of art, in this country and Europe—the *cost* being concentrated upon four gems of art—instead of being dissipated upon a dozen different pictures.

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In the department of Fashion we shall excel *all that has ever been attempted* either *in the United States or Paris.* The ARTISTS OF MONITEUR DE LA MODE *engage to furnish us with the most splendid drawings*—December and January numbers will contain specimens. In a word, *wait for the January number—then compare it with others and decide—it will eclipse all others, or we shall submit that we have not learned how a magazine of the most brilliant description can be produced.*

THE TERMS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The following are the terms for 1851, from which we *cannot waver in a single instance*, without abandoning, utterly, all hope of the high excellence which we promise ourself that "Graham" shall attain to. MONEY, as our friends must have felt, is secondary with us, to the *reputation* of being the owner and editor of the best Magazine on this continent; this, unless health, reason, or "seed time and harvest" fail us, we shall make this work.

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THE PUBLISHER STAKES HIS REPUTATION on the assertion, that this number of GRAHAM in high excellence, has never been approached in America or Europe. AND CHALLENGES HIS COMPETITORS TO EQUAL IT.

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No. 134 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

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100,000 SUBSCRIBERS.

A MATCHLESS NUMBER.

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"THE CONSTANT," designed by Gilbert, expressly for "Godey"—one of a pair of plates, the mate to which will be published in the March No. It contains besides the principal engraving, four tableaux, "Going to Church," "Childish Sport," "Sickness," and "Wedlock."

THE FOUR ERAS OF LIFE,

Designed by Croome, expressly for Godey. Four perfect pictures in one, "Baptism, "The Holy Communion," "Marriage," "Death."

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Designed by Croome, expressly for Godey, and most beautifully printed in colors, by D. Stevens. Four female figures representing "Spring," with its flowers, "Summer," reclining in a shady arbor, "Autumn," with its fruits, "Winter," wrapped in a mantle.

AN ENTIRELY NEW COVER,

Designed by Croome, and engraved by Duval.

"VASE AND FLOWERS."

A DOUBLE FASHION PLATE,

Designed by Peters, expressly for Godey. The first scene represents an interior. Three female figures, and children receiving Christmas presents—a beautiful scene. The second scene contains two female figures, and a Sleighing Party, with a view of the Philadelphia State House, the building in which

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

was signed. The whole is most elaborately colored, and contains correct views of the Fashions.

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"THE HOLY CREED."
"THE LORD'S PRAYER."

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THE PARABLES OF CHRIST, in five tableaux.	THE INFANT SAVIOUR AND ST. JOHN.
THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.	"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THY TABERNACLES, O, LORD."
THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, in tableaux, from the Cartoons of Raphael.	THE SEPARATION OF THE APOSTLES.
"HALLOWED BE THY NAME."	THE CHURCH PORCH, SUNDAY MORNING.
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☞ All letters must be post paid.

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[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF REV. DR. JUDSON.

[Our readers who are interested in Fanny Forrester, will read with pleasure the following fine Requiem over her late husband.]

Was it in the sea-wave's moan,
That dreary, muffled tone,
That broke the silence lone, on Indian seas?
The swell returning one,
The boatman homeward bore,
While swept that summer shore the evening breeze?

No! other sounds than these,
Than earth's low melodies,
Amid the tall palm trees, rose on the air;
Where parted wave from wave,
To make an ocean grave,
A lonely Christian gave a broken there!

Free from Life's heavy woes,
Wrapt in Death's sweet repose,
Calmly the waters close above his form,
And when the prayer was said,
And when the tear was shed,
Mourned they his spirit fled from earthly storm?

How will the dark-browed race
Miss his familiar face!
Look at his vacant place, with saddened heart:
He, too, the vigil kept
Where wasting sickness slept,
He o'er their dead hath wept—could he depart?

He taught them to forsake
Their idols—and to wake
From Error's sleep, and make his truth their own.
Answering their spirits' need,
Christ's wandering flock to feed,
This was his earthly meed, and this alone!

The mortal mind must first
Its mortal fetters burst,
And slay its burning thirst, at Wisdom's well,
Ere it can tell how blest
That spirit in its rest,
How glorious the guest, where angels dwell!

Go, child of sin, and learn
His lesson here was stern,
But, oh! beyond Life's bourne—reward was given.
For many souls he won
To God—his work is done,
And Christ, the incarnate Son, claims him in heaven!

CORA.

Leaves from History

DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Napoleon had become very strongly attached to his little grandchild, the son of Hortense, and of his brother Louis, the King of Holland. The boy was extremely beautiful, and developed all those noble and spirited traits of character which delighted the Emperor. Napoleon had apparently determined to make this young Prince his heir. This was so generally the understanding, both in France and in Holland, that Josephine was quite at ease, and serene days again dawned upon her heart.

Early in the Spring of 1807, this child, upon whom such destinies were depending, then five years of age, was seized suddenly and violently with the croup, and in a few hours died. The blow fell upon the heart of Josephine with most appalling power. Deep as was her grief at the loss of the child, she was overwhelmed with uncontrollable anguish, in view of those fearful consequences, which she shuddered to contemplate. She knew that Napoleon loved her fondly. But she also knew the strength of his ambition, and that he would make any sacrifice of his affections, which, in his view, would subserve the interests of his power and his glory. For three days she shut herself up in her room, and was continually bathed in tears.

The sad intelligence was conveyed to Napoleon, when he was far from home, in the midst of Prussian campaign. He had been victorious—almost miraculously victorious—over his enemies. He had gained accessions of power, such as in the wildest dreams of youth he had hardly imagined. All opposition to his sway was now apparently crushed. Napoleon had become the Creator of Kings, and the proudest monarchs of Europe were constrained to do his bidding. It was in an hour of exultation that the mournful tidings reached him. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in the most painful musings. He was heard mournfully and anxiously to repeat to himself, again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this?" The struggle in his mind between his love for Josephine, and his ambitious desire to found a new dynasty, and to transmit his name and fame to all posterity, was fearful. It was manifest in his pallid cheek, in his restless eye, in the loss of appetite and of sleep.—But the stern will of Bonaparte was unrelenting in its purposes. With an energy, which the world has never seen surpassed, he had chosen his part. It was the purpose of his soul—the lofty purpose before which everything had to bend—to acquire the glory of making France the most illustrious, powerful, and happy nation earth had ever seen. For this he was ready to sacrifice comfort, ease, and his sense of right. For this he was ready to sunder the strongest ties of affection.

Josephine knew Napoleon. She knew the power of his ambition. With almost insupportable anguish, she wept over the death of this child, upon whose destinies her own seemed to be fearfully blended, and, with a trembling heart, she awaited her husband's return.

Mysterious hints began to fill the journals of the contemplated divorce, and of the alliance of Napoleon with various Princesses of foreign courts.

In October, 1809, Napoleon returned from Vienna. He greeted Josephine with the greatest kindness, but she soon perceived that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was pondering the dreadful question. He appeared sad and embarrassed. He had frequent private interviews with his ministers. A general feeling of constraint pervaded the court. Napoleon scarcely ventured to look upon his wife, as if apprehensive that the very sight of one he had loved so well, might cause him to waver in his firm purpose. Josephine was in a state of the most feverish solicitude, and yet was compelled to appear calm and unconstrained. As yet she had only some forebodings of her impending doom. She watched, with most excited apprehension, every movement of the Emperor's eye, every intonation of his voice, every sentiment he uttered. Each day some new and trivial indication confirmed her fears. Her husband became more reserved, absented himself from her society, the private access between their apartments was closed; he now seldom entered her room, and whenever he did so he invariably knocked. And yet not one word had passed between Napoleon and Josephine upon the fearful subject. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation, immediately caused such violent palpitation of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty that she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and catching at the articles of furniture.

The months of October and November passed ...

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... when the Emperor, pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, arose, and approached Josephine. He took her hand, and, placing it upon his heart, said:

"Josephine! my own good Josephine! you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in this world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France!"

Josephine's brain reeled; her blood ceased to circulate; she fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, threw open the door of the saloon, and called for help. Attendants from the ante-room immediately entered. Napoleon took a taper from the mantel, and, uttering not a word, but pale and trembling, motioned to the Count de Beaumont to take the Empress in his arms. She was still unconscious of every thing, but began to murmur, in tones of anguish,

"Oh, no! you cannot surely do it! You would not kill me!"

The Emperor led the way through a dark passage to the private staircase which conducted to the apartment of the Empress. The agitation of Napoleon seemed now to increase. He uttered some incoherent sentences about a violent nervous attack; and finding the stairs too steep and narrow for the Count de Beaumont to bear the body of the helpless Josephine unassisted, he gave the light to an attendant, and, supporting her limbs himself, they reached the door of her bed-room. Napoleon, then dismissing his male attendants, and laying Josephine upon her bed, rang for her waiting-women. He hung over her with an expression of the most intense affection and anxiety, until she began to revive. But the moment consciousness seemed returning, he left the room. Napoleon did not even throw himself upon his bed that night. He paced the floor until the dawn of the morning. The royal surgeon, Corvisart, passed the night at the bedside of the Empress. Every hour the restless, yet unrelenting Emperor, called at her door to inquire concerning her situation.

"On recovering from my swoon," says Josephine, "I perceived that Corvisart was in attendance, and my poor daughter, Hortense, weeping over me. No! no! I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night. Even the interest he affected to take in my sufferings, seemed to me additional cruelty! How much reason had I to dread becoming an Empress!"

A fortnight now passed away, during which Napoleon and Josephine saw but little of each other. During this time, there occurred the anniversary of the coronation, and of the victory of Austerlitz. Paris was filled with rejoicing. The bells rang their merriest peals.—The metropolis was refulgent with illuminations. In these festivities Josephine was compelled to appear. She knew that the sovereigns and princes then assembled in Paris were informed of her approaching disgrace. In all these sounds of triumph she heard but the knell of her own doom. And though a careful observer, in her moistened eye and pallid cheek, would have observed indications of the secret woe which was consuming her heart, her habitual affability and grace never in public for one moment forsook her. Hortense, languid and sorrow-stricken, was with her mother. Eugene was also summoned from Italy by the melancholy duty attending the divorce. His first interview was with his mother. From the saloon he went directly to the cabinet of Napoleon, and inquired of the Emperor if he had decided the question of a divorce from his mother. Napoleon, who was most strongly attached to Eugene, made no reply but pressed his hand, as an expression that it was so. Eugene withdrew his hand, and said,

"Sire, in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How!" exclaimed Napoleon, sadly, "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, leave me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene firmly replied. "The son of her who is no longer Empress, cannot remain Viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Napoleon was not without feelings. Tears filled his eyes. In a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, he replied:

"Eugene, you know the stern necessity which compels this measure. And will you forsake me? Who, then,—should I have a son, the object of my desires, and preserver of my interests—who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? Who will bring him up? Who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene was deeply affected, and, taking Napoleon's arm, they retired and conversed a long time together. The noble Josephine, ever sacrificing her own feelings to promote the happiness of others, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon. "The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor—your more than father, to whom you are indebted for every thing, and to whom, therefore, you owe a boundless obedience."

The fatal day for the consummation of the divorce at length arrived. It was the fifteenth day of December, eighteen hundred and nine. Napoleon had assembled all the kings, princes, princesses, who were members of the Imperial family, and also the most illustrious officers of the Empire in the grand saloon of the Tuilleries. Every individual present was oppressed with the melancholy grandeur of the occasion. Napoleon thus addressed them:

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart! but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage when it is proved to be the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say, but in praise of the attachment, and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. She shall retain always the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, her eyes filled with tears, with a faltering voice, replied:

"I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor, in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will, in no respect, change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of our country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments which were ...

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... were trickling down the cheeks of the Empress.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes, and then rising, in clear and musical, but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, took the pen and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Poor Eugene could endure this language no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants, who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful but sublime tragedy.

But the anguish of the day was not yet over. Josephine, half delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass through, in taking a final adieu of him who had been her husband. Josephine remained in her chamber in heart-rending, speechless grief, until the hour in which Napoleon usually retired for the night. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his most faithful and devoted wife, and the attendant was on the point of leaving the room, when the private door of his apartment was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with grief; her hair dishevelled, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed—then irresolutely stopping, she burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that now she had no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon—but in another moment all the pent up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting everything, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped her arms around Napoleon's neck, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was for the moment entirely vanquished, and he also wept almost convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love, of ardent and dying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her, and for some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they continued in this last private interview. Josephine, then in the experience of an anguish which few hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved.

The beautiful palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with every possible attraction, and where the Emperor and Empress had passed many of their happiest hours, was assigned to Josephine for her future residence. Napoleon also settled upon her a jointure of about six hundred thousand dollars a year. She was also still to retain the title and the rank of Empress Queen.

The ensuing day, at eleven o'clock, all the household of the Tuilleries were assembled upon the grand staircase, and in the vestibule, to witness the departure of their beloved mistress from scenes where she had so long been the brightest ornament. Josephine descended, veiled from head to foot. Her emotions were too deep for utterance, and she waved an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who surrounded her. A close carriage, with six horses, was before the door. She entered it, sank back upon the cushions, buried her face in her handkerchief, and left the Tuilleries forever.

TO JENNY LIND—HUAH! HUAH!

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I heard you sing, oh Northern bird,
The South's artistic strain,
And fancied that the Heaven of sound
Fell in melodious rain—
I listened till the raptured sense
To wild amazement grew
Wondering if nightingales indeed
Could sing as sweet as you.

But when you sang your native song
I heard the gushing rills,
And felt the bracing winds that blow
Among your Swedish hills.
I was no more in Tripler Hall,
But up among the rocks,
And saw the herd-men as they cried,
Responsive, to their flocks.

And "huah! huah!" to my ear
By distance made more sweet,
Came echoed back until the sounds
Were gurgling at my feet.
And I so said, a happy land
The land of Swede must be,
When every gale that wafts her clouds
Is full of melody!

Your singing ceased, oh Northern bird!
Yet still the Herdsman's call
Went floating round the festooned forms
That bend o'er Tripler Hall,
Methought, how wonder grows to hear
Italia's strains of Art!
But Nature's simple music speaks
A language to the heart!

New York, Nov. 9th, 1850.

THE CHAPLAIN AND THE COOK.

Charles the Second, being in conversation with some of his Ministers of State, and having discoursed for some time on the affairs of Government, he suddenly cried out,

"Let our thoughts be unbent from the cares of State, and give us a generous glass of wine, that cheereth God and man, as the Scripture saith."

Queen Catharine, who was present with the company, hearing the King talk of wine cheering God, and quoting Scripture for it, begged leave to observe that, in her humble opinion, it was not less than blasphemy; "for," said she, "God is an eternal, infinite, unchangeable Being, a pure Spirit, and as hath neither parts nor passions, and, consequently, cannot be cheered."

"Well," said the King, "I am not prepared to turn to chapter and verse, but I am sure I have met with it somewhere in my Scripture reading."

Dr. South, the chaplain, being asked if he knew such a part in Scripture as wine cheering God and man, he gave his opinion on the Queen's side of the argument. Rochester, being an enemy to the chaplain, and thinking the King was in the right, went out and asked privately if any person could be brought that was well versed in the Bible, to decide the controversy that was on the carpet? He was told of one David, a Scotch cook, who had always a Bible about him, every spare minute was reading in it, and if such a part was there, he could surely tell.

Rochester, willing to browbeat the chaplain, and throw the conquest on the King's side, went down into the kitchen, conversed with the cook, and asked him if he knew of any such place in Scripture, as wine cheering God and man. David told his lordship he knew the place, and could easily turn to it.

"Very well," says the Earl, "put on a clean apron. I shall send for you by-and-bye before his Majesty."

Rochester returned to the room, where the conversation was still warmly pursued by her Majesty. She observed how inconsistent it was with the nature of Divine Being that He should be cheered. The Earl perceiving this, begged leave of his Majesty to make a motion.

"For what?" said the King.

"Why," said the Earl, "to admit your Scotch ...

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Wit and Humor.

IS TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION?

A Yankee pedlar, who had stopped in a Coffee House to refresh himself, one hot day (says the Yankee Blade,) heard a very sage-looking old gentleman remark, in answer to a friend who had been relating some marvellous story said to be true, "truly Truth is stranger than Fiction." So Jonathan, stepping up and slapping the astonished gent. on the back, said,

"You're mistaken right thar, old hoss; 'taint so—and to prov it, I'll wager you juleps for the crowd that I can tell you one fiction that'll jest go a leetle ahead of any truth as ever you heard tell on."

"Good!" said the old gentleman; "I'd like to hear any fiction that can go ahead of Christopher Columbus."

"Pshaw! Christopher Columbus ain't a sarkumstance," said Jonathan; "but here goes:"

"Oast I was standin' by a big river, out in Sahary desert, what was dried up. The sun shone so all-fired hot, that I was obleeged to tie my handkerchief over my eyes, to keep from bein' blinded; and as I was standin' thar, I happened to look down the river, and seed a big boat without any bottom, come floatin' up the stream, with a hull lot of fellers in her; one of 'em had no eyes, t'other no arms—another no legs, and the last chap in the starn of the boat, he had no mouth. Gosh! I never seed sich a sight afore; I was scared like blazes—and jest stud and looked at 'em. Presently the chap as had no eyes, looked down and seed a ten cent piece at the bottom of the river, and the feller wot had no arms leant over and picked it up, then handed it to the chap wot had no legs—and he jumped out of the boat, waded to shore, went over to the grog-shop wot wasn't thar, bo't a pint of whiskey, and handed it to the feller as had no mouth, and he drinked it up; and all the rest got drunk—and the last I seed of 'em, the feller wot had no mouth was singin' 'Hail Columby;' while the chap wot had no legs was dancin'; the no-eyed chap was readin' a text out on a psalm-book, and the feller wot had no arms was clappin' his hands and wavin' his hat like blazes—and I left jest about that time. Whar's Christopher Columbus neow, old hoss?"

"Juleps for the crowd, and charge to me!" roared the old gentleman, as he bolted out of the back door.

German, French and English.—The following incident, from the September number of the Bulletin of the American Art Union, N. York, aptly illustrates the difference to the national character of the three persons mentioned. A German artist complains:

"I vork in my studio one day ven one gentleman wid the lunettes come in, make one, two, tree bow, very profound, and say, 'Gut morgen Mynheer!' I make one, two, tree profound bow, and say de same. Den de gentleman look at my picture very slow and deliberate: den he say, 'Dat is goot; dat is beautiful; dat is very beautiful; dat is vondrous fine.' Den he say at last, 'Sare, vil you permit me to bring my friend de Baron Von A. to see your fine work?' I say, 'Sare you vil do me one favor.' Den he make tree more bow more profound dan before, and he go vay. De next day he bring his friend de Baron, and dey two make six bow, all very profound, and dey say that all is very beautiful, and den de Baron say, 'Sare, vil you let me bring my friend de Count Von A. to see dese so fine vork?' and den they made der bow once again and go vay, and I see dem no more. Dat vas one German gentleman.

"Anoder day, one little gentleman come in wid one skip, and say, 'Bon jour, Monsieur! charme de faire de votre connaissance.' He take up his lorgnette, and he look at my first picture, and he say, 'Ah, very vell. Sare! that is one very fine morsel.' Den he pass quick to anoder and he say, 'Sare, dis is truly admirable; after dis beautiful picture nature is vort notting;' and so in two minute and a half he get through dem all. Den he twirl his cane, and stick out his chin, and say, 'Sare, I make you my compliment; you have one great talent for de landscape. I shall have the honor to recommend you to all my friends, au revoir, Monsieur!' but I see him never again. He vas one French gentleman.

"Anoder day, I hear one loud tap wid one stick at my door, ven I say, 'Come in;' one gentleman valks forwards very stiff, and nod his head, but take never his hat off. He say, 'May I see your picture?' I bow and say, 'Wid pleasure, sare.' He no answer, but look at one a long time, and say not a word. Den he look at anoder and say notting. Den he go to anoder and look, and say, 'Vat is de price of dis?' I say, 'Forty louis, sare.' He say notting but go to de next and look for one long time; and at last he say, 'Vat is de price of dis?' Den I say, 'Sare, it is sixty louis.' Den he say notting but look anoder long time. Den he say, 'Can you give me pen and ink?' and ven I give it he sit down and he say, 'Vat is your name, sare?' Den I give him my card, and he write one order on Torlonia for sixty louis; he give me de order wid his card, and he say, 'Dat picture is mine: dat is my address: send it home; good morning.' And so he make one more stiff nod and valk away. This vas one Englisch gentleman."

A Town Site Lost in the Grass.—The persons employed in taking the census, writing to the Dubuque Tribune from Fayette county, Iowa, relates the following characteristic anecdote:

While crossing one of the extensive prairies that stretch along the Southern border of Fayette county, upon which the grass and vegetation had grown to the height of four or five feet, then seared and yellowed by the autumnal frosts, we were suddenly started by the voice of a person shouting, "Hallo, there, stranger, did you come from this here course?" Turning in the direction of the voice, we discovered the head of a person just peering above the top of the tall grass, while the arm was extended in a Southern direction. We answered affirmatively, when the man continued: "Well, stranger, did you see any thing of a town site in your travels, slanting a little towards the sun, with a bustin' spring coming out right by the side of a boulder? I found one down in these parts last Spring before the vegetation was up, and I've been looking for it again close on to two days, and, by thunder, I can't find it!" We answered that we had not discovered his lost town site, when he continued: "Well, stranger, I reckon I'll have to give it up till the grass burns, and if you'll let me ride behind, into the settlement, I'll make you a deed to a lot fronting on the public square as soon as I get my land warrant squatted on 'Empire City.'" Not being the owner of any town property, we accepted the offer."

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Mose at Church.—One of the b'hoys who was much more familiar with the interior of the various engine houses than the churches of the city, was induced one fine Sunday to attend an orthodox church with a young gentleman of his acquaintance, who hoped to draw some amusement from him at least, if he could not benefit his morals. The knight of the fire plug, although his religious education had been sadly neglected, was not a whit abashed upon finding himself in the midst of a congregation of worshippers, and gazed about him with the greatest freedom. At length the singing commenced, and his friend gave him a hymn-book, several of which were lying about. Mose searched in vain for the hymn which had been given out, and whispered to his companion loud enough to be heard in all the neighboring slips, "Blame yer, give me another book—this is a last year's one." His friend could hardly perceive his gravity during the remainder of the service, and after church was out he explained to him that hymn-books were in nothing analogous to almanacs. It was the last time, however, that Mose was invited to attend church.—Yankee Blade.

Selected Articles.

OH COME NOT YET!

THE MENTAL APOSTROPHE OF A LONELY WIFE, TO HER INTEMPERATE, BRUTALIZED, ABSENT HUSBAND.

Oh come not yet! So calm is home without thee,
No longer now thine absence makes me mourn;
For while thy vices cling like chains about thee,
I cannot, must not pray for thy return.
Then come not yet!

Oh come not yet! Though crowds should chide thy staying,
Heed, heed them not. Thy presence once was dear;
But now, no grief attends thy long delaying;
No wife, child, friend, could wish to see thee here.
Then come not yet.

Oh come not yet! Once did I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretched o'er moor and dell;
When the blue bee had ceased its busy humming,
And silence hung o'er all things like a spell.
Oh come not yet!

But now I watch not. Eyes, with weeping, mourning—
Though beaming once—are now grown dim and dull,
And oh! I fear thy once again returning
Would swell my cup of agony too full.
Then come not yet.

Oh come not yet from thy far-distant dwelling!
Wake not the tenants of this peaceful nest
Here—the rude tempest now no longer swelling—
Let them enjoy their calm and quiet rest.
Oh come not yet!

HELEN.

A SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

William Sturgeon was a young man of unexceptionable character and of handsome personal exterior, but of the humblest origin, and totally destitute of the commonest rudiments of education. His parents resided in the county of Wicklow, on the property, we conjecture, of the Marquis of Rockingham, now possessed by his collateral descendants, the Earls Fitzwilliam. This is a surmise, but, admitting its truth, the fact will readily be accounted for of the youth in question having been sent to London, and engaged as servant in the family of Lord Rockingham—Charles, the second marquis, whose memory Burke has so ably panegyrised, and whose upright and patriotic conduct as a statesman was fully equalled by his virtues in private life.

Here was William appointed as personal footman to the Lady Harriet Wentworth, youngest sister of the marquis, over whose large and splendid establishment she at this period (1764) presided as mistress. The lady was just twenty-six, plain in person, but clever and amiable.

The growing interest which after a short time she began to evince for her new and handsome attendant, was of course set down to motives purely benevolent, and therefore praiseworthy. She had him taught to read and write, and was herself at pains with his education. That a warmer feeling influenced her conduct no one ever dreamed, or that a woman of superior rank and intellect, in daily association with the highly-born and highly favored of the land, the sister of one of the most celebrated statesmen of the day, and with every opportunity afforded her of forming a suitable connection, could possibly contemplate so extraordinary a mesalliance as that of a union with her own footman!

Such, however, proved to be the case; and for nine days this singular affair was the talk and wonder of the fashionable world of London. In the midst of her infatuation, this lady evinced a degree of calculating prudence and discretion doubtless commendable, but certainly not a little surprising, for she entailed her fortune with the utmost circumspection. An annuity of £100 was settled on the young man, and this sum was to be continued to him even in the event, which she cautiously anticipated, of a mutual separation. On her children, if there should be any, she entailed the whole of her fortune: while, in the event of the marriage being unfruitful, it was to revert to her own family. This deed the lady vested out of her own power by placing it in the keeping of the celebrated Lord Mansfield—her uncle by marriage—whom at the same time she nominated trustee. It was drawn up by her own hand, and, as his lordship, a good judge in such matters, remarked, as binding as any lawyer could make it.

Just previous to Lady Harriet becoming the wife of Sturgeon, a suspicion was excited for the first time among the fellow-servants. Some trifling act of familiarity towards the lady, pardonable from one of her own rank, but impertinent, and altogether absurd in a domestic, chanced to be detected, and being duly reported to the housekeeper of Lord Rockingham, that person considered herself as fully justified in seeking amongst the young man's property for confirmation of their suspicions. This was soon afforded in the shape of a letter which William had commenced writing to his parents in Ireland. It dwelt on the kindness of his lady, their intended union, and the hope that this event, so great for him, might afford the means of benefitting his father and mother.

As may be conjectured, an express was at once sent off to Lord Rockingham, who at the time was visiting his estate in Yorkshire; but fortunately, or unfortunately, we hardly know which, it arrived too late. Before the Marquis had reached London, the marriage had taken place. On pretence of going to view a collection of paintings which she wished to inspect before the hour of admitting strangers to the exhibition, Lady Harriet had left home unusually early, her liveried menial, as usual, in attendance. They had nearly reached the church, when the young man discovered that in his agitation he had forgotten the ring. He hurried home to procure it, and there being questioned as to his speedy return, he evaded the inquiry by remarking that his lady had neglected to bring the catalogue of the pictures.

After the ceremony, the newly-married couple went to Ireland, Lady Harriet wisely dropping her title for that of Mrs. Sturgeon, by which humbler name she was ever afterwards known. William, who seems to have been a dutiful and exemplary son, often went to visit his parents, and was enabled, through his own comparative abundance, to administer in many ways to their comfort. Still, he was very reluctant to introduce them to his high-born bride, ...

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... rious particulars of his younger days few were aware. He seldom alluded to them; and such occurrences usually cause but a brief sensation in the busy circles of fashion, when the individuals themselves retire from the gay world.

Of the son of this singularly-matched couple it may not be uninteresting to say a few words ere we conclude our article. This youth possessed mental and personal advantages of no common order; while, as before stated, the noble relatives of his mother afforded him the benefit of a good education. He was early destined for the army; and some years after, while quartered in the South of Ireland, was thrown into the society of a young lady, at that time the object of much interest and sympathy among the immediate circle of her personal friends and admirers. This was the daughter of the celebrated Irish barrister, John Philpott Curran; a lady whom the poet Moore, in the spirit of ardent patriotism, has immortalized in his beautiful lines beginning,

"She is far from the land."

We find her also the heroine of that affectingly-told tale, "The Broken Heart," in the "Sketch Book" of Washington Irving; whose poetic imagination invests her with charms, personal and mental, to which Mrs. Curran had no pretensions.

When first met by Major Sturgeon, she was still the victim of an all-absorbing passion for the brave but ill-fated Robert Emmett, whose misguided enthusiasm in the cause of his country had recently brought him to an ignominious death. In hopeless anguish she yet clung to the memory of him for whose sake filial ties had been broken, and she herself had become an outcast from the paternal roof, supported only by the charity of friends.

Her sad history interested and gained for her the affections of Major Sturgeon, who, much against the wishes of his relations, persisted, in a spirit of romantic ardor, in his suit, though for a considerable time without success. A sense of gratitude, however, aided by the conviction of her painfully-dependent state, induced Miss Curran after a while to relent. She married, giving to her lover at the same time the not very satisfactory assurance that her affections could never be his. As a wife, we have reasons to believe her conduct was irreproachable; but she did not long survive the union; while her gallant husband, who, had he lived, would probably have risen to the summit of his profession, was doomed to perish in the service of his country, having been shortly after killed in one of our peninsular wars.

For Housekeepers.

To Use Cold Pudding.—If you have a large piece of boiled pudding left after dinner, such as plum pudding, Indian pudding or batter pudding, and you wish to cook it next day, tie it up in a cloth, and put it into a pot of boiling water, and keep it boiling hard for half-an-hour or more. It will be found as good as on the first day, and perhaps rather better; and it will be far more palatable, as well as more wholesome than if sliced, fried, or boiled. Eat it with the same sauce as on the preceding day.

Mush Cakes.—Girls, I will tell you something which may be of some use to you. If you will make a good pot of mush for supper, so as to have some left—(be sure to boil it well) why then I will tell you how to have something good for breakfast. Put some flour into the bread bowl, and pour the remaining mush, while hot, into it, place a lump of butter in the middle, and let it set to cool enough to mix with the hand, then add two or three spoonfuls of good yeast, knead the whole together without adding any other liquid, let it rise till morning, make it out into cakes and bake quickly. This is my husband's favorite dish.—Ohio Cultivator.

Cream Cheese.—The cheese so called (of which numbers are brought to the Philadelphia market during the summer,) is not made entirely of cream, but of milk warm from the cow, (and therefore unskimmed,) mixed with cream, of the preceding evening. To a small tub of fresh new morning's milk, add the cream skimmed from an equal quantity of last night's milk. Mix the cream and new milk together; set them over the fire, and warm them to about blood-heat, or 100 deg. of the thermometer. Have ready a small cup of water, in which has been working all night a piece of rennet (the salt previously wiped off) of about four inches square. Stir the rennet water into the vessel of mixed milk and cream (which you must first empty into a large pan or small tub,) and set it in a warm place till the curd has completely formed, and the whey looks clear and greenish; then, with a knife, cut the curd in squares. Next, take a large thin straining cloth, and press it down on the curd, so as to make the whey rise up through it. As the whey rises, dip it off with a saucer or skimming dish. When the whey is all out, put the curd into the cloth, and squeeze and press it with your hands till it becomes as dry as possible. Next, crumble the curd very fine with your hands, and salt it slightly. Then wash the straining cloth very clean, and lay it in your cheese-hoop (a bottomless vessel about the size of a dinner plate, and perforated with small gimlet holes) put the crumbled curd into the cloth, and then fold the rest of the cloth closely over it. The cheese-hoop should be set on a clean wooden bench or table. Place upon it its round cover, so as to fit exactly; and lay on the top two bricks or a heavy stone. After it has stood six hours in the hoop or mould, turn the cheese, and let it stand six hours longer.

When you take out the cheese, rub it all over with a little fresh butter. Set it in a cool, dark, dry place, (turning it every day) and in four or five days it will be fit for use. When once cut, it should be eaten immediately; but while it is uncut, it will keep several days in a cool place, turning it daily.—Miss Leslie.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 31, 3, 16, 20, 27, is a man's name.

My [illegible] is a wandering tribe.

My 7, 11, 6, 18, is a part of the human body.

My [illegible] is a useful article in every day use.

My [illegible] is an important part of a steam engine.

My [illegible] is an article of exportation.

My [illegible] is the name of a nation.

My 7, 25, [illegible] is a disease.

My [illegible] is a thing necessary in the making of [illegible].

My whole was a celebrated American [illegible].

A READER OF THE POST.

REBUS.

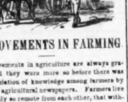
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A short sleep and relative
Properly joined,
Form an article
Daily in use you will find.
Place an animal first,
And a short sleep the last,
And it then makes an act
Of [illegible].

A. J.

[illegible]

Agricultural.



IMPROVEMENTS IN FARMING.

Improvements in agriculture are always gradual, and they were more so before there was any circulation of knowledge among farmers by means of agricultural newspapers. Farmers live necessarily so remote from each other, that without reading on the subject they cannot be extensively acquainted with practices and improvements at a distance from them. Hence it was long before any other settled principles were established than those that were handed down from father to son.

The editor of this paper can well recollect when the knowledge of the advantages derived from a rotation of crops was confined to a very few farmers in this quarter of the country. He heard the subject talked of by old farmers, but it was not extensively practised sixty years ago. The first settlers had their tillage land, their mowing land, and their pasture land, separate and distinct from each other. The tillage land produced corn and potatoes, and sometimes other hoed crops, as beans, &c., one year,—and rye, oats, barley, wheat, &c., the next year.

No one thought of buying grass seed to lay down tillage land to grass, and on first seeding for mowing and pasturing the chaff of the barn was usually the only seed to be sown with the English grain in the spring. Occasionally a nice farmer would save a square rod or two of his herdsgrass to stand for seed; but this was by no means the general practice.

It was so usual to keep all these lots distinct—some for tillage, some for mowing, and some for pasturing—that in describing a farm for sale a very general practice was to represent it as "suitably divided into mowing, tillage and pasture land." And to this day many advertisements of farms for sale are absurdly described in the same way—for all farmers at this day see the advantages of rotation crops. Among good farmers all their lands near home capable of tillage are occasionally tilled, and then laid again to grass,—pasture land not excepted when rotation is convenient.

This practice of keeping one lot for tillage, another for mowing, and a third for pasturing, was clearly derived, as old Judge Blackstone would say, "from our Saxon ancestors," among whom this division and special appropriation to a distinct service was most religiously observed. And when "The Saxon English" farmers changed this practice and recommended a rotation of crops it made quite a stir there and was looked upon as a new era in Agriculture.

We recollect, while a student of law, seeing an English decision of a case in the Court of King's Bench—a case in which a tenant was sued for converting "meadow land"—that is "mowing land" into tillage. Lord Coke, the Great Lord Coke, was on the Bench. He declared it the opinion of the Court that the tenant, who had hired the land for twenty-one years, had no right to convert mowing land into tillage or tillage into mowing, because it was not only a material injury to the farm itself, but it changed the description of the land, which had been leased to him as so much mowing land, so much tillage land, &c.

The practice of rotation of crops is now so universal, that young farmers can hardly believe the accounts of old ones when they bring up recollections of by-gone years though they may go back no farther than sixty. The plan of ploughing up the mowing grounds and seeding down the tillage grounds once every few years has had a most sensible effect in the production of both grass and grain.

It is to rotations of crops that we are principally indebted for the abundance of merchantable hay that is now produced on all our good farms. This abundance enables us to keep our stock better so as to supply milk through the winter, and to make our oxen larger and stronger. We know of very many farms that now produce ten fold more English hay than they did fifty years ago.

Farmers are not uniform in their course of rotation, and there is no settled term of years agreed upon for tillage or for grass. Much depends on the nature of the soil and the ease with which a change from grass to grain, and the contrary, may be brought about. Still clayey soils are not so easily broken up as sandy loams, and fortunately it so happens that those clays have not the same need of a frequent change as the light and loose loams have. They hold the manures that have been applied to them in tillage much longer than the light loams do, and they are often permitted to lie in grass for eight or ten years in succession; while sandy loams are not expected to yield well for more than three or four years without another stirring and another course of tillage.

Some farmers choose to plant a field two successive summers before laying down again to grass, while many others plant but one summer and then sow grain with grass seed in the following spring. This latter class have one great advantage over the other. They go the rounds sooner, and are more able to give all their fields a dressing before any of the first sown suffer from delay.

When green sward is turned in order to be tilled there is a great mass of vegetable matter, grass and its roots, that is soon converted into active manure. This is a material aid to the hoed crop. It is clear gain for the mass of roots that accumulate in a few years and form a close sward, are only in the way of a new grass crop if suffered to remain in the sod. But when the sod is turned they are not a nuisance but a mass of matter that rots and goes directly to form the next crop. In this light we see the obvious advantage of changing land from grass to grain and from grain to grass.

Now as sandy loams, or light loams, will not bear many crops in succession without renovation, let the mode of laying down to grass be what it may; a question arises whether, after a crop of corn and another of grain has been taken off, the land will not produce as large quantities of hay after the grain and corn, as if the grain and corn had been omitted and the land had been turned over and sowed down without planting.

This is a question that comes home to every farmer, and it ought to be well considered by them. Numerous trials are necessary before any very positive conclusions can be arrived at. We may theorize and go to chemists for advice, but none of them can tell us anything about it unless they have made actual trials. It is thought by many farmers that their lands produce good grass as many years after the corn and grain have been taken off and have had their turn at the manure, as if the grass should go with the manure and supersede the crops of corn and grain.

This may be the case, and yet it may not interfere with the practice of sowing grass on the green-sward furrow in August and September—

[illegible]

Thus the settlers of the valley of the Mohawk told us they had good harvests of corn from the same fields for sixteen years in succession, and without any deterioration. The same would not be the case of wheat or of any English grain. These "white crops" for years in succession in New York and Ohio have disqualified some of the best soil for wheat, and only diminutive crops are reaped where rotation is disregarded.—Mass. Ploughman.

Giving Medicines to the Horse.—"Many practitioners and horse proprietors," says Mr. Youatt, "have a great objection to the administration of medicines in the form of drink. * * There are some medicines, however, which must be given in the form of drink, as in colic. * * * An ox horn, the larger end being cut slantingly, is the usual and best instrument for administering drinks. The noose of a halter is introduced into the mouth, and then, by means of a stable-fork, the head is elevated by an assistant considerably higher than for the delivery of a ball. The surgeon stands on a pail on the offside of the horse, and draws out the tongue with his left hand. He then, with the right hand, introduces the horn gently into the mouth and over the tongue, and by a dexterous turn of the horn, empties the whole of the drink—not more than about six oz.—into the back part of the mouth. The horn is now quickly withdrawn, and the tongue loosened, and the greater portion of the fluid will be swallowed. A portion of it, however, will often be obstinately held in the mouth for a long time, and the head must be kept up until the whole is got rid of, which a quick but not violent slap on the muzzle will generally compel the horse to do. The art of giving a drink consists in not putting too much in the horn at once; introducing the horn far enough into the mouth; and quickly turning and withdrawing it without bruising or wounding the mouth, the tongue being loosened at the same moment. A bottle is a disgraceful instrument to use, except it be a flat pint bottle, with a long and thick neck." The nearside horn has the most handy twist for administering a drink with the right hand.

Loss of Cud.—I doubt whether a ruminating animal ever lost its cud; probably no one will deny that every ruminating animal makes its first cud; then why not another?

It is also doubted whether a ruminating animal brings from the stomach to the mouth what has been swallowed, to remasticate it. It seems unreasonable that it should be so, for two reasons: one is, that on examining the contents of an animal's stomach, there will be found whatever the animal has eaten or drank, all mixed up together: and how can it be separated? Another reason is, that a pair of oxen well fed in the morning, and worked all the forenoon, and chewing the cud but very little, will eat just as much at noon as if they had chewed the cud the whole forenoon; and they will go through the same process in the afternoon, no chewing of the cud, yet all they have eaten is gone.

Now, I never have believed this notion of animals bringing up from the stomach all that had been eaten, to remasticate, nor the cud, but have supposed there was a secret place of deposit for the cud; and I find such is the fact, and the place is under the tongue; and probably a new cud is made when the animal ceases eating.—N. E. Farmer.

To Prevent Froth Rising when Churning.—A lady says she had well nigh given up making butter last winter; for, as soon as she commenced churning, the froth would rise. She tried every preventive that was suggested to her without effect, until she was advised to try saleratus, which she did and that proved effectual.

The Olio.

Cheap Clothing.—If we may believe a writer in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, those persons, who employ tailors, that keep down journeymen's wages, sometimes get the worst of it for their folly and meanness. Evidence is mentioned as having been produced of cases where the operatives having pawned their own clothes from poverty would use as a substitute the very garments they were making. In this way, "Lord B.'s coat has been seen covering a group of children blotched with the small pox. The Rev. Mr. D——— suddenly found himself unpresentable from a cutaneous disease, little dreaming that the shivering dirty being who made his coat had been sitting with his arms in the sleeves for warmth while he stitched at the tails. The charming Miss C. was swept off by scarlatina, and her parents talked about 'God's heavy judgment and visitation!'" Had they tracked the girl's new riding-habit back to the stifling, undrained hovel, where it served as a blanket to the fever-stricken slop-worker, they would have seen why God had visited them—seen that His judgments are true judgments. There is no knowing but that instances not very dissimilar to these are likely to occur even in Boston. Let every man remember that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that every man is interested in seeing that he gets it.

Is Love Blind?—There is nothing so clear-sighted. It exalts our natures to their highest capability, enabling us to decipher truths which are illegible to the normal sense. It has given moments of subtle wisdom to the dullest; moments of impassioned eloquence to the coldest. We are strongest when we love, because Love is not only the most energetic, but the most elevating of passions. We see most clearly then, because our perceptions are all intensified by the intensity of the feeling. We are affected as in mesmerism, and Love is the clairvoyance of the heart.

But there is always a meaning in old adages, and in that of "Love is blind" there is a truth. The blindness spoken of is blindness to all consequences, disregard of all collaterals, reckless oblivion or contempt of whatever is foreign to it. The intensity of the shadow is proportioned to the intensity of the light. Everything that comes within the rays of Love is wondrously vivid; the rest is darkness. Love sees all it cares to see. It is not blind; but it will only look straightforward. A horse is not blind when blinkers are put on to prevent his seeing whatever goes on at his side. All energetic passions act as blinkers.

Census of the United States.—In 1790 the Union consisted of 17 States, with a population of 4,929,827, and 451,171 square miles of land, or 9 persons to a square mile.

In 1800 there were 20 States, with a population of 5,305,940, and an area of 572,024 square miles, or 9 persons to a square mile.

In 1810 there were 24 States, with a population of 7,239,814; and an area of 782,544 square miles, or 9 persons to a square mile.

In 1820 there were 27 States, with a population of 9,638,191, and an area of 819,514 square miles, or 10 persons to a square mile.

In 1830 there were 27 States, with a population of 12,866,020, and an area of 819,514 square miles, or 13 persons to a square mile.

In 1840 there were 29 States, with a population of 17,069,666, and an area of 1,217,311 square miles, or 14 persons to a square mile.

We have now 31 States, containing a population (by estimate) of 23,086,000, and an area of 1,013,125 square miles, or 13 persons to the square mile.

[illegible]

Southey.—The last volume of the Life and Correspondence of Southey, edited by his son, among other more important intelligence, supplies the following paragraph descriptive of his mode of study,—or, rather, of noting its results in his common-place book:

"With respect to his mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book, it was somewhat peculiar. He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving by a glance down the page whether it contained anything which he was likely to make use of—a slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker, and with a slight pencilled S he would note the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he could transfer to his note-book, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged everything in the work which it was likely he would ever want. It was thus, with a remarkable memory (not so much for the facts or passages themselves, but for their existence and the authors that contained them), and with this kind of index, both to it and them, that he had at hand a command of materials for whatever subject he was employed upon, which has been truly said to be 'unequalled.'"

"Go Ahead"—"All Right."—Mr. Dickens remarks that the sign vocal in America, for starting a coach, steamer, railway train, &c., is, "Go ahead!" whereas among us, on like occasions, the ritual form is "All right!"—and he goes on to say that these two expressions form a perfect embodiment of the respective moods of the two nations. This is true; the phrases are vivid miniatures of the individuals John Bull and Uncle Sam; and we hope yet again to see the day when we might even adopt "All right" for the motto of our political or corporate escutcheon, with as much propriety as the Yankee Heralds' College (if they had one) might at this moment inscribe "Go ahead!" beneath that fast fowl, the annexing and squinting Eagle—with its one eye on Cuba, and the other on Quebec.—London Quarterly Review.

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To Journeymen Tailors, Sempstresses, Employers, and all others interested in Sewing of any Description.

SEVERAL ATTEMPTS have been made to produce Machines for Sewing, but they were not without many objections, and could be used to little advantage or profit.

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR, which, for nutritive properties, analogous to those which nature furnishes as the seat of secretion for the human hair, is unrivalled by any former production. [illegible]

STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR [illegible]

[illegible]